11/24/68

Dear Jim,

By a remarkable coincidence, I took a picture of where the Japan Air Lines plane ditched as I last landed at your airport. I've been telling my wife the sensation of going through the bottom of the soup and this time I had a camera set for it. Nice to know I wasn't there.

Didn't feel that way going from LA to San Diego, when the 80 minutes time was multiplied by 12 before we finally landed. Fog again, and midday and pm. Two passes at San D, no good. They closed the LA airport while we were I guess! Landed by radar between invisible mountains (save for the very tops-what a sensation" at what must be the longest landing strip in the world, at Miramar.

Trip extended as I cannot now explain but I was the guest of one of the world's wealthiest men in Dallas! Very successful. Will tell in confidence when I am again there. Cannot say anything now, but this should lead to something.

Your compilation file arrived in my absence. I've just begun to hit the mass of letters and haven't yet typed a words of notes! I hate to have become of the return. What work there is/was!

Sorry I didn't get to do your show, but when you learn what I learned and got in that time (I can tell you the suppressed pictures of Nevada's literature distribution is one thing), I hope you will agree I did right to work. I always can use the rest, and I had a fine rest, and your show is always fun. There is a junior version on an FM station in San Diego, there we swung it for several hours.

Again thanks. Hope we get together next time, and that it's soon.

Sincerely,

Harold Weisberg